

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE --  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS --  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 60

No.

9

SEPTEMBER, 1927

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A knight, his only passion the love of gold, who kept but one steed  
To starve and shiver in a naked stall, and then  
Let him go feed upon the public ways.

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"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

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The people all leading home the steed in triumph to his stall,  
The bell, famous for all time, which pleads the cause  
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws.

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# Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

Entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879  
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized, July 13, 1919

Boston Office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Vol. 60

September, 1927

No. 9

WHERE do you buy your gas out on the road? We hope not where bird or beast is tethered to amuse the thoughtless.

IT is Bertrand Russell who says that he does not think any advance in scientific knowledge will take the place of kindly impulses. But why should it? Science is often anything but kind.

EVERY member of the Mounted Metropolitan Police of London henceforth will carry with his equipment a bag containing field dressing, for use in a street accident, that can be used either for man or beast.

FOUR hundred and four reels of motion pictures have been sent to several thousand lepers in the Culton Leper Colony in the Philippines by the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America. This is a wonderful gift to these unfortunates, who are now seeing for the first time much of the outside world.

THE war killed 600,000 French horses. In 1913 the French census reported the number as 3,222,000. The first census after the war placed the number at 2,635,000. By 1925 the number had increased by 245,000 in spite of an increase in automobiles of 207 per cent. At that date horses numbered 2,880,000; motor cars, 721,306.

THE *Animal World* tells us that "In a leading article on 'Bird Lust,' the *Glasgow Evening Citizen* says that 'according to a newspaper paragraph a Scottish taxidermist has recently received no fewer than forty golden eagles to be stuffed. It would be fitting reward if the persons who slaughtered these noble birds were stuffed along with them.'"

MANY heroic champions of ill-treated and suffering animals who meet discouragement by the indifference of those whose influence would count for so much are often tempted to cry with Victor Hugo's Gwynplaine in his plea before the House of Lords, "My Lords, I am an advocate pleading a cause that is lost, but that cause God will gain on appeal."

## ANOTHER ST. FRANCIS

WHOEVER reads the story of the life of Leonard Hawksley and of what he has done for the animals of Italy, will recognize his kinship with the Saint of Assisi. Two years ago, after thirty years of unremitting and almost unparalleled self-sacrificing service, he was compelled by reason of illness to resign his connection with the Rome Society for the Protection of Animals. During this period there were rescued an average of 6,000 stray dogs a year, a Dog's Home and lethal chambers were maintained together with two veterinary surgeons and twenty-three drinking stations; horse and donkey parades were held, eleven thousand instruments of torture taken from cruel men, bull-fighting and cow-baiting and many another cruel sport were suppressed, the plucking alive of fowls was made illegal, much was done to diminish the blinding of birds in Rome, Umbria and Tuscany, and prizes were given for essays to hundreds of teachers and pupils. At the outbreak of the war, the Italian Army Veterinary Hospital was organized, treating over 14,500 horses.

During these two years of illness Mr. Hawksley loaned the Rome Society £3,800 to help in its work, none of which has been repaid. And now that he has returned with sufficient health to resume work, see what he has undertaken: Since the Society has decided to limit its work to the city, discharging the inspectors on duty elsewhere and closing its branches, and to discontinue humane education and the maintenance of drinking troughs, he takes upon himself the task of the humane education work, the opening of drinking places in Rome and elsewhere, free dispensaries for sick animals of the poor outside Rome, and the supply of inspectors for Assisi, Perugia, Carrara, Forsinone, Udine, and for the steamers on the northern lakes where animals suffer greatly in transport.

Thirty-one times he has been assaulted, eight times attempts have been made upon his life, and though now obliged often to spend his afternoons in bed because only partly recovered, he has taken up this great task of which we have just spoken. No office expense is to be incurred, and he has never received, nor will he receive, payment for his service nor the refund of his personal expenses. Saint-hood is often long in finding recognition, but

if ever a friend of animals deserved canonization, it is Leonard Hawksley. Contributions are needed at once to enable him to carry out his plans and may be sent to Mr. W. H. Sharland, 5, Hayes Road, Bromley, Kent, England, or we will gladly forward them from our office.

## A NUISANCE AND A CRUELTY

DO you drive often through the country? Then you are familiar with the cheap attempts that are being made by cheap people to attract attention to their gasoline filling stations by means of one or more poor unhappy caged animals. Sometimes it is a bear, which will sit up on his hind legs and drink a bottle of ginger ale if you will patronize his owner by buying it. Sometimes it's a porcupine, or a raccoon, sometimes a monkey—anything will answer the purpose that will lead you to stop. Many of these petty wayside vendors of gas have gone into the dog business and signs are multiplying, "Dogs and Puppies for Sale." Tied up to trees, or along the fence, or shut in cages, the sad looking creatures appeal to your pity rather than to any temptation to buy, unless it were that you might free them from their wretched captivity.

We are constantly receiving complaints about these places. Sometimes we can do something to better conditions for the captive, oftener the visible evidences of suffering are absent, though it is perfectly plain that the animals are not being properly cared for. It's bad enough to be faced every half mile with all sorts of advertisements of such eatables as fruit, clams, clam chowder, hot dogs, and all sorts of drinkables, without having to be kept distressed at the sight of pitiful animals.

What can you do? Never buy anything at any places where these animals are kept on exhibition. Sometimes drive up and ask the keeper of the station where you can get gas where there are no caged or captive animals, and tell him that you would buy of him if he did not have them, and if the animals are without proper shelter from sun and storm, persuade him, if possible, to provide it, or send the complaint to us. We have tried three times to secure legislation that would prevent using animals in this way, but the Massachusetts legislature continues to refuse to grant it.

# ANIMAL SHOWS DECLINE IN PUBLIC FAVOR

PROMOTERS AND PURVEYORS OF PERNICIOUS EXHIBITIONS FACE PROBLEM OF DWINDLING PROFITS

WE are absolutely with those people who condemn the training of wild animals. It is so much useless nonsense, embodies no educational value, and merely furnishes an occupation for so many dare-devils who could better risk their lives in some other manner less uncomfortable to animals. —Exchange

LACK of patronage transforms a Seattle rodeo into a stampede of creditors. A humane boycott of all vicious and discreditable shows was long ago suggested and urged by the Jack London Club. See further details below.

IT is noticeable of late that people are paying more heed to the preservation of wild animals and birds generally, and it is a healthful sign of the times. It would be a fine national trait if Americans would rise high in the matter of kindness to dumb animals.

—Pueblo (Col.) Indicator

## SEATTLE STAMPEDE HARD HIT

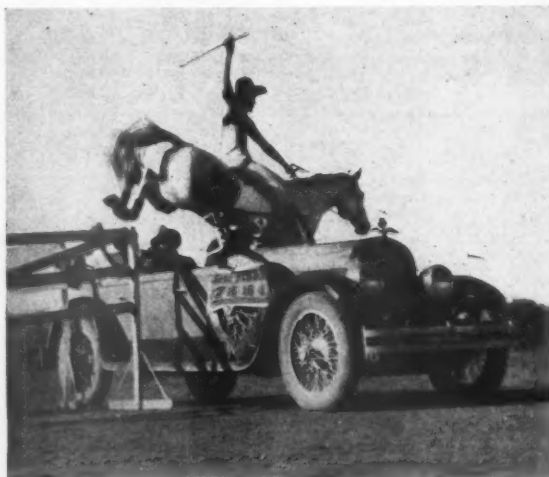
THE representative of the American Humane Education Society, Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols of Tacoma, Washington, writes us as follows regarding the recent rodeo held in Seattle:

Last week I divided my time between the affairs of the National Educational Association and the Seattle rodeo. It was cause for rejoicing to note how the great educational gathering submerged the wretched rodeo. I was gratified beyond measure to see how the education against this kind of a performance has taken root. It can be said to the everlasting credit of the better element of Seattle citizenry that they showed in every possible manner their attitude of protest against the infringement of this lawless exhibition upon their right to be respected as a city above this class of entertainment. The Mayor was showered with protests from people in all walks of life. I cannot speak in terms too laudatory of the work of the King County Humane Society. This Society and the new state organization did some of the finest team work ever put over, with the result that the rodeo was kept down to a minimum in its cruelties and with a great loss of money. The latest report shows that the horses are being held by attachment in Seattle, that some of the riders have not enough money to get out of town, and that many left before the show was over. As the week of the performance neared its end the prices of admission were cut in two and an attempt was made to ballyhoo on the streets of the city, which was promptly stopped by the police, all of which goes to show that they who worry last, worry most. I might explain that the reason the horses only were held is due to the fact that the other "wild" (?) creatures used, such as cows, calves and steers, were furnished by the Fry Slaughterhouse and went back to their fate after a week of torment and torture. So closely were the performers censored by the humane officers on the ground, we could not make arrests with any hope of getting a conviction and we felt in the long run we were winning by watching.

## THE WILD WEST RODEO

MARIE POMEROY GROVE

A POPULAR entertainment now being offered to the tourist in the West is the rodeo. The original of this feature of entertainment was the great Out-West show which is held annually at Cheyenne, Wyoming. Of late years other exhibitions of the same nature have sprung into existence, which are being put on at different towns in the West.



WHAT PRICE BRAVADO?

The question has been raised by the citizens of these towns. Are these shows justifiable? What is there of especial value in them to warrant one's patronage? The greatest objection is that they are held over the week-end and, of course, desecrate the sanctity of the Lord's Day. That is an evil that has been seeking to gain an entrance and upset our long established customs which were observed heretofore, in spite of the fact that we welcomed the foreigner to our shores to make his home among us.

Another evil that may be considered is that these events usually have a following of pickpockets and undesirables which would not otherwise come to our town. Gambling and robbery usually follow in the train of these shows.

The objection which has been raised by lovers of animals is that the animals that are used in the stunts are often abused and ill cared for. People have noted the harassed and fagged out appearance of some of these poor beasts. Many of the animals have been observed to have scars and deep bruises on them, while they are often poor and scantily fed, showing nearly every rib in their bodies.

At one of these exhibitions held in a western town, a horse had its eye put out, in one of the spectacular stunts, by a wild steer. The next year this same poor horse was used on exhibition again, showing plainly where its eye had been gouged out.

In another of these shows a rider is seen to make a flying leap with his horse over an automobile in which three people are seated. The mayor of the town was himself one of those who offered themselves for the hazardous spectacle.

This reminds one of a flamboyant article

that has been recently published with the caption "What price, Glory?" Will this morbid appetite of our public for sensations never be satisfied until it becomes like that of the ancient Roman populace?

## CARVER LOSES TRAINED HORSE

ONE of the diving horses belonging to the notorious Dr. Carver ended his career on July 1 at Venice, Cal. From reports, some-

what at variance, it appears that the horse after making his last plunge swam out to sea and was drowned. Mr. Rodman Robeson, general manager, Department of Humane Treatment of Animals, Los Angeles, made the following statement:

"On June 26 I arrested six persons on the Lick Pier, Venice, California, charging them with cruelty to animals in forcing a horse to dive from a platform approximately forty feet high into the ocean.

"After some delays the trial was held July 1, and in spite of our best efforts to secure a conviction, the Judge gave a decision in favor of the defendants and dismissed the case. That same day while practising in the afternoon preparatory to renewing the act, which had been held up pending trial, one of the horses was drowned."

"Carver's Diving Horses" has been unquestionably an inhumane exhibition, a shameful and cruel imposition to the eyes of many thousands. It stands to the credit of the several cities which have barred it from their midst and to all those who have protested against a purveyor of pernicious entertainment.

## THE PERENNIAL BUGBEAR

NO attempt to explode fallacious theories about dogs would be complete without a word or two about the hysterical "mad dog" scares which break out sporadically all over the country, says Robert S. Lemmon in the *Boston Globe*. While it would be absurd to say that rabies or hydrophobia is absolutely non-existent, it can be stated without fear of authentic contradiction that only a very small percentage of the dogs supposed to be "mad" are afflicted with this disease, or ever would be.

Unscrupulous manufacturers of fake anti-rabic serums seek to establish a market for their wares through the enactment of local ordinances requiring vaccination. Where these vaccination campaigns have been carried out, the results have sometimes been to spread the disease rather than allay it, to say nothing of the suffering and often the deaths of the dogs obliged to undergo the serum treatment.

In point of truth, practically every "mad dog" case reported in the newspapers could, if the real facts were known, be proved to centre around some poor animal afflicted with running fits or driven half-crazy by tormenting children, lack of drinking water or parching summer heat. He hasn't a trace of hydrophobia, nor could his bite by any stretch of the imagination be said to transmit the disease.



## ON EXHIBITION

## A GOLDEN EAGLE

I SAW him, nobly poised, imprisoned there,  
In a poor place, housed in a narrow cage;  
That royal spirit, lord of the upper air,  
With great wings folded, mute in sullen rage.  
And all the luster of the golden noons,  
And all the splendor of the scattered stars,  
And the fair glory of unclouded moons,  
Met in that lightning glance, behind the bars.  
Those untamed eyes that answered to the sun,  
Now glittering in the dimness, turned on me;  
I shall remember till my race is run  
The still, proud anguish of that voiceless plea.

## THE MONKEYS

I, who laughed at first at the little solemn sages,  
Quaint and smileless creatures, wrinkled as  
with years,  
Felt the sudden weight of the sorrow of the ages—  
Saw the weird, small faces through a mist of  
tears.

## A BLACK PANTHER

In dumb, unwearied protest, to and fro,  
He paces, pausing but for food and sleep.  
Oh, for a song to voice the hidden woe  
Of those wild souls that cannot plead nor weep!

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH in *Youth's Companion*

## FEDERATION IN ITALY

ALL the humane societies in Italy have united in a federation, with the aim of obtaining better laws for the protection of animals. Our readers will be pleased to hear that His Excellency, Signor Mussolini, has consented to be honorary president. The acting president is His Excellency, De Michelis, M.D., and Minister of State. We have, therefore, every hope of seeing the laws modified in favor of animals at the next session of Parliament; and especially that a law may be passed regarding killing in the slaughter-houses—that it should be performed humanely and under the supervision of the inspectors of humane societies. The Naples Society for the Protection of Animals has sent in a proposal (among others) that the Forest Guards should be obliged to protect the game better than they do now.

## New Animal Hospital in Constantinople



THE RECENTLY-OPENED HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS IN CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY,  
OPERATED BY THE S. P. C. A. OF THAT CITY

PRINCIPALLY through the efforts of Mrs. Alice W. Manning of Robert College, Constantinople, there is now open in that historic city an adequate hospital for animals. We have often referred in these columns to the humane education work which Mrs. Manning has carried on in Turkey and adjoining countries for many years. Only recently the members of the executive committee of the S. P. C. A. in Constantinople have received cards from the department of public instruction which give them permission to speak on humane education in any school at any time. This opens a large new field of work which is very encouraging. Lectures have already been given to the Police School and to the regular police this year. One of the illustrations on this page shows some of the one hundred students of the Police School which came to Robert College one day to see the film, "The Bell of Atri," and various lantern slides

of animals. They seemed to enjoy the exhibition very much, and their enthusiasm was a real help to the humane cause.

The other illustration is of the new hospital for animals, from a recent photograph. On the first floor provision is made for the small animals, with a big room to be used as the dog pound. There are also a room for contagious diseases, a room for cats, an operating room, a bath for the dogs, the veterinarian's office, and a room for committee meetings of the Society. The large and pleasant yard is surrounded by a high wall, allowing the dogs plenty of room for exercise. The second floor contains an apartment in which the veterinarian will live. Several rooms on the third story will be used for housing literature, and for cats and other small animals when needed.

What was formerly the garage has been turned into a lethal chamber, with an entrance from the street, allowing the cart to be backed up to the door of the lethal box in which the dogs may be placed directly without more handling. Desirable dogs will be taken to the dog pound, while those which have no owners are usually placed in good homes.

There are two large box stalls for horses, and there is a long stable finished in concrete, with a wooden flooring which can be removed, so that the whole stable can be cleaned and disinfected easily. This stable may be used for horses, cows, or other large animals.

We are advised that with the recent opening of the hospital many poor people are bringing their animals for treatment, and that the work is growing rapidly.

## AIRPLANES REPLACE DOGS

A DISPATCH from Juneau, Alaska, says that with the rapid development of airplane service in that territory, the problem arises as to the future of the dogs which have been bred there for years as burden-bearers in winter.

Dogs, loose from their leashes, are reverting to the wild state and killing deer and moose. In coast towns, Indians have gone fishing for salmon and left the dog families behind, generally without food and shelter.



STUDENTS FROM THE "SCHOOL FOR THE POLICE," CONSTANTINOPLE, AT ROBERT COLLEGE WHERE THEY VIEWED HUMANE FILMS AND SLIDES



## The Birds Taught Man to Fly

DR. A. H. PALMER

WHEN the Wright Brothers were conducting their early experiments with gliders, about twenty-five years ago, it was their custom to travel back and forth by ferry across the Hudson River, between New York City and Jersey City, for the purpose of observing the easy flight of the sea-gulls which follow close behind every boat. These birds knew the secret of flight long before man mastered the air. Birds of large wing-spread, like sea-gulls, hawks, owls, eagles, ducks, and geese, know how to soar and to glide without visible movement of the wings, and with no apparent expenditure of energy. Their wings have been shaped for this purpose by Mother Nature, and their instincts tell them how to take advantage of ascending and descending air currents.

It was natural, therefore, that in experiments having for their object the conquest of the air, the birds should be the center of interest, for man has learned much by studying nature. The first step in the invention of the aeroplane was a successful and trustworthy air glider, and this the Wright Brothers developed by imitating the sea-gulls. The secret of their glider was incorporated in certain curves of the plane surfaces which form its principal part. After the art of gliding was mastered, the next step was to add to the glider a gasoline motor to provide the necessary motive power to turn a propeller, and thus the first successful aeroplane originated. Aeroplanes of today are simply gliders provided with highly efficient gasoline engines, which provide motive power to turn the propeller blades very rapidly. But in Germany, gliders are still in use which can be kept aloft for many hours, even though they carry no motor or propeller.

Thus man's conquest of the atmosphere has followed his imitation of the birds. But the latter are still our superiors as aviators, and well they deserve to be, for they have been flying for many thousands of years, whereas man learned to fly but yesterday, comparatively speaking. Now that the secret of flight is out, however, man will continue to increase in efficiency in his flying, and some day in the future may rival the birds.

The accompanying picture shows sea-gulls in easy, soaring flight, gliding through the air behind a ferry steamer.

### DASTARDLY CRUELTY TO SWANS

THREE men were charged at Bridge-water, England, for cruelly ill-treating a swan by throwing stones at it and also by setting a dog to worry it, according to *The Animal World*, the organ of the Royal S. P. C. A., London.

The evidence of three lads was that on Sunday afternoon, May 15, they saw the defendants, with two other men unknown, at a brickpit throwing huge stones and other missiles at some swans swimming about in the pit. One of the swans was struck by a stone and its wing broken, and a young swan was also hit and died in the water. Subsequently the injured swan was found in its nest in a dying condition, and expired in the arms of a man who went to its assistance. An examination of the dead bird showed that its wing was completely broken and the body covered with bruises. The defendants were also alleged to have sent a dog into the water to frighten the swans.

Two of the defendants denied throwing missiles, and the third said all he did was to throw bits of clay to frighten away the swan as it was attacking the dog and attempting to drown it.

The Chairman, addressing the defendants, said: "No words of mine can express to you three men what we feel in regard to this case of cruelty. It is no exaggeration to say that not one of us here on the Bench this morning has ever before been brought up against a case of more dastardly, wicked, and cruel torture than you have been found guilty of. I suppose it is no good to ask you to try and learn a lesson from this case, but we would point out to you that to ill-treat poor dumb animals of any kind is an act of the greatest cruelty. The verdict of the Court is that you three men will be sent to prison with hard labor for six weeks each, and we consider that under all the circumstances we have dealt with the case leniently."

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.

### BOB-WHITE COMES WITH THE FALL

HARRIETTE WILBUR

HERE is one bird friend you can't help knowing, if you are anywhere within ear-shot of him, for he has a most insistent way of announcing himself from wherever he may be. Riley describes the call in one of his boyhood verses:

"Old Bob-White's a funny bird,—  
Funniest you ever heard!—  
Hear him whistle—Old Bob-White!  
Whistle's alluz ist the same—  
So he won't forgit his name—  
Hear him say it! Old Bob-White?"

He is a true autumn bird; he seems particularly fond of calling when the early fall days are dry and drowsy. To some he says, "Buckwheat, no more buckwheat!" because the ruby red stubble of such a field is one of his favorite foraging grounds at this time of the year. "More wet! no more wet!" he also pleads, in that long-drawn, far-away, rather lazy tone that all sounds have in mellow autumn air.

No bird call is more familiar than his clear two-toned and often three-syllabled whistle; one might call him the flute player in Nature's orchestra, because of his high, clear, woodwind pitch. If you want to reproduce it on the piano, try E-flat and then B-flat up rather high. One of the pleasantest country sounds is the cross-country calling of two or more rather separated Bob-Whites, as if they were playing hide-and-seek with each other. It is said that those who can imitate Bob closely can call him to them by answering his calls.

Bob is a bird of open clearings or bushy tracts of country, and particularly those near farms, where he can go food-gathering in the fields. Not that he does any damage, since he feeds there on scattered grain and insects, weed seeds, grass, and even potato bugs. In winter he eats whatever he can find of leftover seeds and nuts, and will even go into the farm yard and feed with the poultry. One bird man tells of two Bobs that were hatched by a hen, whom they followed until she left them, when they took to flocking with the cattle, in the pasture, barnyard, lane, or even the stable, until spring came and they disappeared to find mates.

Bob-White's coat is a good example of "protective coloring," since its red-brown, black, white, and gray "pepper-and-salt" mixture copies the dry grass, rank weeds, autumn foliage, tree trunks, and streaky shadow and sunlight places of his brushy fields. His beak and feet show his close relation to the barnyard hen. He is not a rapid flyer, nor does he rise high. But his wings are very broad and curve, so he can start off with a great show of speed. This, and the edible quality of his flesh, made him so valued a game-bird that laws have had to be enacted for his protection. There is no good reason why he should not just as well be classed a songbird.

The nesting takes place on the ground, the clutch consisting of from ten to twenty-five eggs. The youngsters run about at once, though the mother broods them at night and the whole family keeps together until the next spring. At night a covey will crouch in a ring, heads out all around, so that at an alarm all can fly in opposite directions and no bird be in another one's way. In fact, Bob-Whites have so many interesting ways they will repay one's study.



## THE HERMIT THRUSH

OUT from the deep forest,  
Breaking the shining silence  
Of the afternoon,  
There calls a hidden voice,  
A serene voice—  
Singing out from among the shadows  
Of the cool green calm  
The simple sylvan melody  
Of the hermit thrush.

O strong voice, clear voice,  
Calm voice  
Breaking the shining silence  
Of late summer's afternoon  
And heralding such peace  
From out thy hidden fastness—  
Would that I too might speak  
From out the dim recess of my obscurity  
And break the silence of my time  
With voice one-half so tranquil  
And so sure—  
Singing one simple note of truth!

MABEL F. BLAKESLEE in *Unity*

## PLANT BLACK CHERRY TREES

WILLIAM R. MOSES

THOSE sensible people who would attract birds to their lawns and gardens must realize that to do so they must have in those lawns and gardens food and shelter for the birds. A garden will furnish bugs for food, but trees make the best shelter. Why not, in planting trees, plant varieties that will be not only shelter, but, in season, free lunch counters for the birds? Such a tree is the black cherry.

On the back line of our lot a black cherry grows, a spreading, full-topped tree about twenty-five feet in height, though neither tall nor old for its kind. When its fruit is ripe, scarcely for a minute during daylight is it deserted by birds. It is patronized by nearly all of the larger species that make their homes in this vicinity.

I have seen in the tree during the ripe cherry season, robins, red-headed woodpeckers, brown thrashers, catbirds, English sparrows, cardinals, flickers, chewinks, and mockingbirds. There were doubtless others there that I did not observe.

It can be seen readily that if it is desired to attract many kinds of birds, the black cherry is an excellent tree to plant. In addition to this, black cherries are long-lived trees, growing to good size, with delicate green foliage and slender twigs, which give good shade and add to the beauty of the grounds.

## NATIONAL HUMANE CONVENTION

PLANS are under way to make the coming annual meeting of the American Humane Association at Indianapolis, October 3 to 6, the largest and most interesting yet held. Headquarters will be at the Hotel Severin, near the railroad station. Among the features in the animal section of the program will be an address by Edward P. Buffet of New York on "Cruel Trapping"; by Rev. A. W. S. Garden of Pittsburgh on "Fundamentals of Shelter Construction"; by Sidney R. Esten of the National Association of Audubon Societies on "The Economic Value of Birds"; and by Robert R. Slocum of the Bureau of Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture, on "Poultry Transportation." Both Governor Ed. Jackson and U. S. Senator Arthur Robinson have accepted invitations to speak at the convention.

## Some Australian Birds

MRS. HALLIE HOGG

THIS little domestic scene depicts a pair of yellow robins nesting in the Australian bush. These birds are skilled in the art of camouflage, concealing their homes cunningly so that they will be scarcely distinguishable from their surroundings. This nest is draped with long pendant pieces of bark stripped from eucalyptus trees, and adorned on the outside with lichens of many colors. "Yellow Bob" is a quiet haunter of the streamside.

Australia is rich in bird life. She possesses a most varied assortment of birds, including some of the most wonderful songsters. The black swan, so long an anomaly to European naturalists, is a native of this country. The flightless birds, that is, birds which have lost the use of their wings, are represented by the emu and the cassowary. There are eight varieties of cuckoo, but not one of them has the familiar "cuckoo" call of the European birds.

Among the brilliant-plumaged birds are the cockatoos, parrots and the honeyeaters. The diamond birds are resplendent in black and white, in crimson and gold, and the dainty blue wren is conspicuous by his "blue bonnet."

Most singular of all are the mound builders—the mallee hen and the scrub turkey—birds which do not brood on their eggs, but construct wonderful natural incubators filled with decomposing vegetation which generates the heat by which the eggs are hatched. As soon as the mallee chick is hatched, it is able to run and fend for itself.

Then there is that master mockingbird, the lyre bird, which, in common with the bower bird, construct playgrounds apart from their nests; dancing mounds and bowers on which to display themselves. The lyre bird may have one or several mounds upon which he will dance for hours at a time, spreading his wonderful tail forward over his back and dancing to his own accompaniment of the most extraordinary mimicry of bush sounds; the barking of dogs, the axe ringing on the timber, the call of other birds—the "crack" of the whipbird, the cry of the gang-gang and black cockatoos, and the laugh of that bush humorist, the kookaburra. The bower birds adorn their playgrounds with blue-colored trifles, and decorate their beautiful homes with chips of glass and china, shells and flowers.

Among the singers is the lovable and winsome gray thrush, with his exquisite rich, mellow and flute-like song; the silver-voiced bell bird, whose tinkling notes sound like elfin chimes, and the magpie, whose carol is one of the most famous of Australian bird songs.

Besides practising the art of camouflage, there are master tradesmen among the birds. There are weavers, like the honey-eaters; felters like the mistletoe bird; plasterers, like the magpie lark; carpenters, like the sacred



YELLOW ROBINS IN AUSTRALIA

kingfisher; miners and sappers, like the diamond birds. The reed warbler may be classed among the architects. She builds a swinging hammock for her nursery, a snug cradle suspended between swaying reeds.

## SAILORMEN AND ANIMALS

A LIGHTHOUSE tender on the Pacific coast recently reported to the *Marine Journal* a strange encounter with a deer. A boat was about to dock when the skipper noticed a buck swimming in the water among a number of logs. The poor creature was trying his best to get clear of the timber, but he was caught between two large logs, and every time he moved they rolled and trapped him again.

The tender hauled him aboard, for they were near a dog-infested town and the buck was so tired it was feared he might be killed. The game warden was summoned, and the buck was loaded aboard his car and carried well out into the woods.

This incident certainly shows the versatility of the sailor when he can help out wild animals. It is just another evidence of the love for animals that all sailormen worthy of the name have always had in abundance.—*The Lookout*

IN the twenty-third annual report of the Rhode Island Humane Education Society we learn that during the year 1,772 classes were visited in the various schools. One of the unique features of the Society's work is the holding of Junior Humane Conferences, with representatives of the various school societies as delegates.

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

SEPTEMBER, 1927

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Addressed envelope with full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

### THE SQUIRREL

ARE they both guilty, the red squirrel and the gray? Do they both rob birds' nests, killing the young and eating the eggs? This charge has been brought against both of them. Yet some say it is the red squirrel which is the criminal and that the gray one is guiltless. We have seen the red squirrel trying to molest the nest of the oriole and have heard the cry of alarm from other birds when he has been about. We have not happened to discover the gray squirrel up to the same offense. Do any of our readers know from personal observation how far the gray squirrel is a menace to bird life? We shall be glad to hear from anyone who can speak with authority. And what about the little chipmunk, *T. striatus*, has anyone seen him destroying the eggs or young of birds?

### NO OPEN SEASON ON SANDPIPER

THERE is no open season on the Bartramian sandpiper, commonly known as upland plover, in spite of the fact that a bag limit on plover is printed on the back of a hunting license, says the *Official Record*, U. S. Department of Agriculture. Information has reached the Bureau of Biological Survey to the effect that hunters in Texas have been killing these birds under the impression that there was an open season on them. For the benefit of those who may be misinformed there is a close season throughout the United States on upland plover, and persons killing these birds at any time during the year are liable to arrest and prosecution in Federal court. The department has sent this information to the press.

### FROM THE LONDON "TIMES"

ANY act of cruelty, even any act of negligence, committed on an animal is as injurious to the doer as an act of cruelty or of negligence to a human being. . . . The effect of it is to dull and deaden the sympathies, to begin or to increase an indifference which is certain to coarsen the fibre both of emotion and of spirit, and therefore infallibly to induce in the cruel person some measure of hardness or brutality in his dealings, also, with his fellow-men.

The Be Kind to Animals Anniversary dates for 1928 have been set for April 15 to 21.

### MR. BRONCO AND MR. STEER

#### Their Side of It

IS that you, Broncho?

Yes, Mr. Steer.

How do you feel tonight?

I'm pretty stiff and badly bruised.

Were you turned loose today to be saddled and bridled by those fellows who treated you so brutally while they were trying to match their strength and cruelty with your wild spirit?

Yes, I was one of the unfortunates.

Was it you who screamed so when they bit your ear and sunk their fingers in your nostrils?

It was. I couldn't help it, it hurt so terribly. They seem to know the most sensitive places in a horse's body. I'm not really a wild horse, you know, but I have been so treated and frightened that when I am made to go through this ordeal I naturally fight against the attempts to conquer me. The crowd seems to think it's amusement, but it's torment for me. I don't mind the horseback riding and all the races where the riders do their fancy stunts, as they call them. Horses like to run just as well as boys, so long as they aren't crowded beyond their speed and endurance, but from the way the people applaud they seem to want to have what they call "thrillers," that is, some of us hurt or made to do most sensational things where we are liable to get hurt or killed. How is it with you, Mr. Steer?

Oh, it's the same old story. They have got me used to being rushed out of the corral on the dead run and, though I know what's coming, when that so-called cowboy leaps from his horse and, jumping on my back, grabs me by one of my horns and jams his sharp fingers into my nose and twists my neck till I collapse and fall, I never get used to it. I'm so used up tonight that I don't see how I am to go through with the same thing twice again tomorrow. My friend who was driven out with me yesterday will never furnish any more amusement for the crowd. When he went down his leg was broken and they shot him, poor fellow. That's liable to be my fate any time. Scores of us have had to go the same way. What do you think about it all, Broncho?

I don't know what to think. I have heard that a great lot of people have been trying to stop these shows which cost us so much suffering, and for a while I hoped I might live to see the day when men and women would see the cruelty of it and put an end to them, but they say now that the President of the United States has attended one of them and that all the heads of these rodeos are chuckling with glee and laughing at the people who have denounced them. They say if the President can see our legs broken and our necks twisted and some of us shot because of our injuries, they guess these shows will be more popular than ever.

Well, Broncho, don't you despair. They used to burn men and women at the stake, tear them limb from limb, torture them upon the rack, drive wedges into iron boots they forced upon them. But things have changed. They can't do that any more. The world is getting a safer place for all of us to live in, man and beast, and some day these people who now treat us so cruelly will be ashamed of their barbarous ways and stop this kind of thing. I understand that even in Spain they are beginning to wonder how any decent country can continue to endorse the bull-

fight. I hear there is being observed every year pretty nearly all over the world a week in which they talk about the claims of animals for fair play and kindness. Years ago no one dreamed of such an observance. It's going to come, our better day. I'm sure of it.

Well, Mr. Steer, I hope you're right.

### EXPERIMENTING UPON THE POOR

OUR readers may recall an article in the July issue of *Our Dumb Animals* in which we criticized the experimentation in public institutions on charity patients, on the ground that experimentations upon those people without their knowledge and without any purpose to benefit them was a violation of a very sacred trust on the part of those into whose care they had been committed. We have been interested to receive the following article from a friend of the Society and a faithful reader of *Our Dumb Animals*. We do not, however, feel the force of his argument:

#### Research for Rich and Poor Alike

HARRY WINTHROP DAVIS

Pursuant to the leading article in *Our Dumb Animals* for July, dealing with experiments in anaesthesia on unknowing patients in institutions for feeble-minded indigents, it is in order to consider the fundamental obligations of the state toward the individuals living therein.

In consideration of the various levies imposed by the commonwealth, the individual is assured certain rights and privileges such as the holding of property, the right of franchise, and the enjoyment of life and happiness insofar as the state may be able to make these secure.

The obligation of the state does not cease *in toto* when the individual becomes indigent and unable for any reason to shoulder his share of the bargain, but nevertheless it is essentially equitable to expect that such indigents should render, knowingly or unknowingly, such compensation as they may be able to, in order to equalize their inescapable debt to society.

While there have doubtless been many instances where charity patients have been deprived of just consideration, the paper of Dr. Charles W. Moots, which was reprinted in part last month, gives no indication, beyond one carelessly constructed phrase, of any but the most careful and conscientious handling of the patients in question. In fact, it reveals that the experiments would be conducted under strict supervision of a competent staff of specialists "consisting of thirty-six men of excellent standing in their respective specialties," who would have a "well equipped laboratory" to use in conjunction with their researches.

It is surely neither unjust nor inhumane to accept the assistance of any dependent of the commonwealth in the interests of science and humanity, even though such assistance be given in ignorance and without benefit to the subject, especially when it is a relatively negative form of assistance, utilized under the safest conditions for the subject.

### CRUELTY TO A FISH

WE wonder what some of our courts would say to a fine of ten dollars and costs of twenty-five more for scraping a live carp with a curry-comb. Yet this was the punishment imposed upon a man in the English Police Court. Some people think a fish is not an animal.





Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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#### MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers.	8,566
Cases investigated	711
Animals examined	5,099
Number of prosecutions	16
Number of convictions	16
Horses taken from work	89
Horses humanely put to sleep	42
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,279
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	78,015
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	94

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Emma L. Borden of Fall River and of Charles C. Ward of Newton.

The American Humane Education Society has been remembered in the will of Susan H. Kendall of New York City.

August 9, 1927.

#### HORSES WATERED IN JULY

THE Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals opened five watering stations on the streets of Boston July 14. Up to the last of July horses were watered as follows: Winthrop Square, 2,024; Post Office Square, 2,120; Causeway and Merrimac Streets, 1,456; Commercial Street and Atlantic Avenue, 720; Roxbury Crossing, 475; making a total of 6,888.

#### Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

##### Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*

R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.

E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.

W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.

G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

##### FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

Advice for sick and injured animals.

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JULY

Hospital	Free Dispensary
Cases entered 688	Cases 1,928
Dogs 483	Dogs 1,571
Cats 186	Cats 332
Horses 15	Birds 12
Birds 3	Horses 7
Goat 1	Rabbits 4
Operations 443	Monkeys 2
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15, 66,345	
Free Dispensary Cases	112,251
Total	178,596

#### MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

##### Convictions in July

Cruelly abandoning two horses, \$25 fine.  
Driving galled horse, \$15 fine.  
Plucking live geese, on plea of *nolo*, \$10 fine.  
Driving unfit horse, \$25 fine.  
Beating horse, \$40 fine.  
Driving unfit horse, \$50 fine.  
Non-feeding animals, \$20 fine.  
Using galled horse, \$10 fine.  
Permitting use of unfit horse, \$15 fine.  
Driving galled horse, \$10 fine.  
Sending out two galled horses, \$50 fine.

EMILY P. STEARNS has established the Refuge for Friendly Cats on a farm at Brandy Post Office, Culpepper County, Va. She asks the assistance of a woman who needs a home and is a lover of cats. Small compensation is offered. Applicants should write to her at the above address.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.

#### THE NEW GERMAN SLAUGHTERING LAW

AT the dedication of the Model Abattoir, at Letchworth Garden City, near London, England, it was stated by Dr. Hugo Heiss, one of the most celebrated of Germany's veterinarians, and for twenty-five years an authority on slaughtering, and an author of note, that a bill in that country will soon become law, according to which all Jews will have to stun their food animals before the use of the knife. This has been the law in Switzerland for many years.

#### THE ANIMAL WELFARE ASSOCIATION

A GROUP of people in Boston has formed this organization, not to do the work of any of the other societies here, but to increase, so far as possible, the general interest of the public in the just and kindly treatment of all animal life. The Animal Lovers' Club, a section of the Association, is having occasional addresses delivered on the Common Sunday afternoon, where the claims of animals are presented, and every Wednesday evening from 7 to 7:30, through the courtesy of the Shepard Stores' broadcasting studio, the Club is having various speakers give brief talks upon the same subject. Both the President and Secretary of our Societies have spoken over the radio at the request of the Club.

#### TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

#### FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of ..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).



VACATION HORSES AT MASS. S. P. C. A. REST FARM. THE ENTIRE GROUP WILL BE SHOWN NEXT MONTH



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

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Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington  
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee  
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Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia  
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

**Field Representative**

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

**HUMANE EDUCATION TRUST FUND**

SOME of our missionaries in the field and other workers who have given time, strength and often money for the promotion of humane education, being now advancing in years and incapacitated by ill health from doing so much active work, should, if they need it, receive assistance from us if it is possible for us to render such assistance. We therefore solicit contributions for a fund which has been started by friends for this purpose. This fund of \$1,310 is a foundation upon which we hope to build a goodly amount.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

## Humane Standard-Bearers

### VIII. SEYMOUR CARROLL

IN point of service, Mr. Seymour Carroll of Columbia, South Carolina, is the youngest field representative with the American Humane Education Society. It may be said of him that he was reared in a "Be Kind to Animals" family and received a well-ordered humane education. He was educated at Benedict College, Columbia, and Morris College, Sumter, from which he was graduated in 1918. His father, the Reverend Richard



SEYMOUR CARROLL, SOUTH CAROLINA

Carroll, now retired because of ill health, was for several years on the staff of the official field workers of the Society.

When a small boy, Seymour lived on a farm in Richland County, South Carolina, where his father conducted an industrial school for orphan children. Under the trees near the school-house Seymour organized his own childhood church and invited the neighborhood children as his congregation. They attended church services every Sunday afternoon, often bringing the dogs, cats and chickens with them. The younger Carroll conducted services after the manner of his elders. Whenever an animal died on the place, he would hold the funeral on the following Sunday. The boys of the neighborhood were assembled while he officiated as undertaker, director and preacher. Cats and other small animals were buried in shoe boxes, the larger animals in boxes made by his own hands.

A well-known social service leader of Columbia, Mrs. Rebecca Hull Walton, in speaking of the early life of young Carroll says, "I have known him all his life. I often visited his parents' country home and remarked with his good mother how much the little fellow was devoted to all his animal pets. I still visit the Carroll home, and I observe that same interest in animals today that characterized the early years of Mr. Carroll."

Following his service in the army, Mr. Carroll was appointed by the American Red Cross as an assistant associate field director of hospital field service, and stationed at the Base Hospital at Camp Jackson. Later he was transferred to U. S. Hospital No. 42. He was a member of the Speakers' Bureau during the

Red Cross Roll Call in 1919 and 1924. He was appointed by President Harding a member of the committee of 100 distinguished citizens on the Near East Relief, being the only colored member of that committee.

Before many state and national gatherings Mr. Carroll has delivered addresses against cruelty to animals as well as to human beings. At Princeton, S. C., four years ago, in the heart of the Negro farm peonage belt, where colored Americans are held in semi-slavery even to this day, he delivered an address denouncing the treatment of his fellow-Americans. This lecture stirred the feelings of his auditors to a high pitch. Only the kindness and quick action of friends saved him from those who took bitter exception to his words, and he was hurried away from the Baptist church, where the large crowd of both races had gathered to hear him speak. Fearless and outspoken, Mr. Carroll has always lifted his voice against the cruel treatment of animals, as well as against race prejudice and racial misunderstanding in the South. These protests have elicited editorials from some of the South's leading newspapers, especially *The State*, Columbia. Its editor, Col. William E. Gonzales, former U. S. ambassador to Peru, says of him, "I have known him all his life. He is one of the most outspoken men of the Negro race."

During the recent passage of the Anti-Steel-Trap Bill by the South Carolina legislature, Mr. Carroll took an active hand. He was invited to be present when Governor Richards signed the measure, the first law of its kind in any state.

Mr. Carroll covers a wide field, traveling by automobile across the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida and Virginia. During the past year he has addressed State Teachers' Conventions in these states. In the summer months he spends much of his time giving illustrated lectures at many of the summer schools for teachers. Organizations of Bands of Mercy, or Junior Humane Societies, have found their way in many of the leading colleges, high, graded and primary schools in the above-mentioned states through his aid. Thousands of packages of literature have been distributed; mammoth humane mass meetings have been held under his direction. Negro newspapers have given their co-operation, for he has sent out from time to time many articles and stories, and his contributions have been published in many of the South's leading daily papers. Exhibits of posters, literature, books and periodicals have been made at state fairs, state conventions of teachers, state and national gatherings of religious and welfare workers. Among them have been the National Association of Teachers in Colored Schools, and the National Baptist Sunday School Congress.

### FREE HUMANE LITERATURE

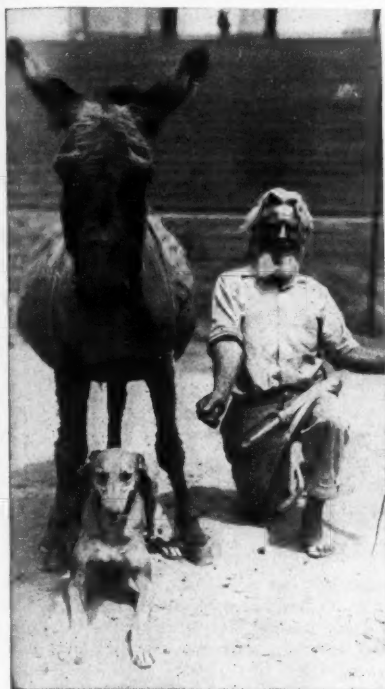
IN a recent report of the Santa Barbara Humane District, California, we notice that the Society is supplying thirty-seven copies of humane magazines free to public libraries. This is a work all humane societies should do. The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. sends *Our Dumb Animals* free to every public library in New England and to every college library in the United States.



## Peter the Hermit

WILLARD D. MORGAN

IN former days a hermit was usually some recluse who retired into the back country and led a solitary life far from the haunts of civilization. But today civilization is creeping to the hermit's very door and consequently changing his relations with the world.



"LIZZIE," "SWIFT WATER," AND  
PETER THE HERMIT

Peter, the hermit of Hollywood in southern California, has become known all over the southland for three things, namely: "Swift Water," his dog, "Lizzie" and "Flying Cloud," his two burros, and his genuine love for all animals. Peter lives among the hills of Laurel Canyon and keeps house with his dog and two burros.

Peter and his family of animals have become so thoroughly accustomed to each other that there is a real human understanding which exists between them. These animals have never heard an unkind word spoken to them from their master and they have never felt the sharp pain of a whip. "It all comes from the power of the spoken word," declared Peter when asked about training his animals to understand certain duties. Swift Water, the dog, is a marvelous example of what can be done when a human really talks to his best friend, the dog. A few motions and a few spoken words are enough for Swift Water to understand what is required of him. Among the numerous accomplishments of Swift Water are his ability to laugh, smile, or grin; jump over the backs of Lizzie and Flying Cloud, retrieve anything which Peter wishes; pose in any attitude desired; and when going along the street he will hop over all the low signs which are not over six feet in height. "A dog of dogs" is the expression Peter uses in praising the merits of Swift Water.

However numerous are the accomplish-

ments of Swift Water, the two burros are not to be outdone for similar honors. Lizzie becomes extremely jealous when Peter decides to ride Flying Cloud instead of herself. But in order to keep peace in the burro family, the well-known hermit compromises and changes from one willing burro back to another as he travels along the paved boulevards of the near-by cities of Hollywood or Los Angeles. Lizzie is always willing to go through her few simple stunts for the enjoyment of some laughing bunch of school children or adults. At the first command from Peter, Lizzie will sit down in the middle of the road or vacant lot and wiggle her ears for the amusement of a rapidly growing audience. The next move usually consists of lying down and taking several good rolls, before going through a series of posing positions. During the activities of Lizzie, Flying Cloud patiently watches with apparent jealousy in both eyes until it comes her turn to perform similar feats.

During every impromptu performance Swift Water always shares the laurels by his jumping activities and playfulness among the burros. Peter travels about the country in his leisurely style, telling others how to care for their dogs or other pets, and always setting a concrete example of kindness to animals. His own dog and burros always serve as dramatic examples of his statements. Although Peter is referred to as the hermit of Laurel Canyon, his friends include everyone he meets and entertains.

Peter leads the simple life of a vegetarian in his cabin among the hills overlooking a population of nearly two million people. He enters into this surging throng of human beings whenever he wishes, and retires to his canyon retreat whenever his soul seeks a place of quietness and a chance to be alone with his best friends, Swift Water, Lizzie, and Flying Cloud.

Remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.

## A HINDU BOY'S COMPOSITION ON THE HORSE

IN Sherwood Eddy's book, "India Awakening," the following composition, written by a Bombay high-school student, is given. Beginners in English naturally make quite as delightful blunders as our missionaries made when first conversing in unknown tongues.

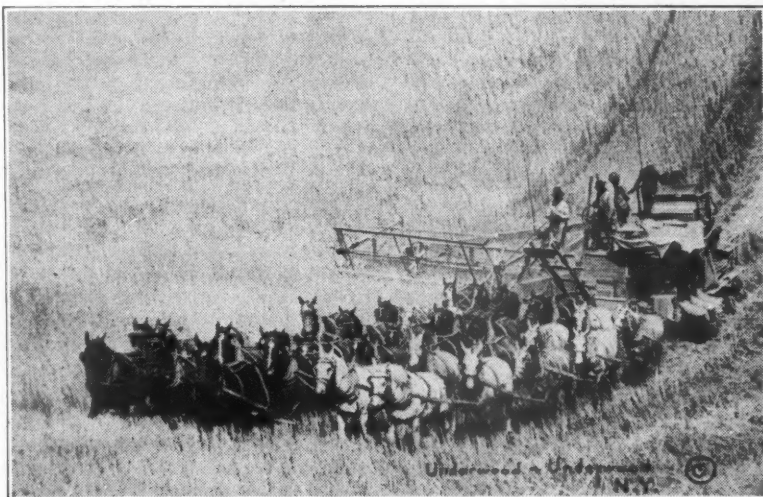
"The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bridle, and sadly the driver places his foot on the stirrups and divides his lower limbs across the saddle, and drives his animal to the meadow. He has a long mouth, and his head is attached to his trunk by a long protuberance called the neck. He has four legs; two are in the front side, and two afterward. These are the weapons on which he runs and also defends himself by extending those in the rear in a parallel direction toward his foe. But this he does only when in a vexatious mood. His food is generally grasses and grains. He has power to run as fast as he could. Also there are horses of short sizes. They do the same as the others are generally doing. They have got tail, but not so long as the cow and other such like animals."

## THE DUTY OF KINDNESS

I AM sure that all sport which depends on the death or suffering of any sentient creature is unworthy of a Christian, or, indeed, of a civilized human being. And I believe the day is not far off when that will be universally recognized.

The duty of kindness to animals rests on the same foundations as all other moral duties. . . . And no man who cares for his character, or the culture of his own moral nature, can be blind to the brutalizing effects of indulging in the base pleasure afforded by inflicting pain on any sentient thing. And we have no right, while seeking our own pleasure, to degrade others. Finally, as in all questions of morals, there is the duty we owe to society, and specially to young and impressionable people. Nothing is worse for children than to be allowed to take pleasure in cruel sports.

CANON PETER GREEN



SHOWING THE ORIGIN OF THE DINSMORE PLAN OF TIEING IN AND BUCKING BACK. IN OREGON AND WASHINGTON, NINETY PER CENT OF THE COMBINE HARVESTERS ARE HORSE DRAWN. IN THE NORTHWEST WHERE THIS PHOTO WAS MADE, AS MANY AS THIRTY-THREE HORSES ARE DRIVEN BY ONE MAN WITH ONLY ONE PAIR OF LINES

Courtesy of Horse Assn. of America

## "Yokohama Bob"—Globe Trotter

CAPTAIN KENMORE LOCKE

SETTLED down to a quiet, uneventful existence in the suburbs of Shreveport, Louisiana, "Bobby" finds life rather boring after an adventurous globe-trotting career. Bob first saw the light of day in far-off Japan. Although born in old Yokohama, Bobby has no Oriental blood in his veins. He is descended from a line of Welsh ancestors—in short, Bobby is a Llewellyn setter.

When but a gangling pup he was purchased from some natives at Yokohama by Captain Locke who named him "Yokohama Bob" in memory of the port where he was acquired. Shortly thereafter Bobby's new master, a soldier of fortune, threw in his lot with the Cantonese forces of Dr. Sun Yat Sen and left for Canton, taking his dog with him. There Bobby became the mascot of a Chinese troop and received baptism under fire in some of the sharp skirmishing which marked Sun Yat Sen's first northern drive early in 1922, in which Hankow was the objective. During this campaign Bobby also learned something about aviation. He was often taken up in the air, and liked flying, but he could never become reconciled to the bark of the machine gun. On several occasions it seemed as if he contemplated jumping out over the side rather than remain in the cockpit with that infernal device.

As all the world knows, this expedition was a complete failure, and with its downfall Bobby's master abruptly terminated his allegiance to the South Chinese cause and fled to Manila, taking Bobby with him. In Manila Bobby shared near-starvation with his master for several weeks, then, finally, both returned to Yokohama.

In Yokohama for a time Bobby lived a quiet life, getting his meals regularly and growing fat and lazy. Then, like a bombshell out of a clear sky, that fateful morning of September first, 1923, the horror of earthquake and fire descended upon Yokohama and Tokyo. Bobby was at his master's home when the catastrophe struck, but his master was in a different part of the city, over three miles away. Captain Locke, his master, miraculously escaping injury, was rescued from the maelstrom the next day and taken to Kobe, a port 317 miles south of Yokohama. Any attempt to return to Yokohama was futile until eighteen days later, when, as a member of the relief expedition aboard the S. S. *West O'Rowa*, Captain Locke succeeded in returning to his residence to ascertain its fate.

First to greet him as he approached was the inimitable Bobby. From natives dwelling near-by it was learned that Bobby for those entire eighteen days had faithfully guarded the house, which had been wrecked by the earth shocks but not burned, from the depredations of the Korean looters, who were creating havoc in the vicinity. These Koreans, mostly political prisoners who had escaped when the walls of the penitentiary fell from the shocks, were availing themselves of this opportunity for revenge on their Japanese captors.

During these eighteen days, Bobby, like the veteran campaigner he was, foraged for his food and got it—this in a place where it had become necessary for the government to issue rations of rice and water to the victims remaining in the stricken area. Many of the

wells, on which the people had to depend for their water supply since the quake had wrecked the water system, had been poisoned or polluted with oil by the Koreans.

Bobby was taken aboard the relief ship which left the next day for the return to Kobe with 2,000 refugees aboard. Leaving Yokohama, the ship was caught in a typhoon and for some time it looked as if the vessel would founder with all on board. Tremendous seas

This trip was to be by automobile. Early one wintry Pittsburgh morning last November, Bobby was piled into the back of a machine on top of much other luggage and the car was headed to the southland. In a few days the cold, bleak north had been left behind and Bobby was in the land of sunshine. Seven days after leaving Pittsburgh Bobby pulled into Shreveport, Louisiana.

Yokohama Bob in his five and one-half years



"YOKOHAMA BOB" HAS TRAVELED 10,000 MILES

were running, the ship rolled and bucked and poor Bobby became a very seasick dog. If he could have talked he probably would have expressed the wish that he had died in the earthquake and been spared this agony. In being seasick, however, Bobby was not alone, most of the refugees in the holds sharing this malady with him.

Finally the ship arrived at Kobe. Ordinarily the run would have taken two days, but, owing to the struggle with the elements, it had taken the S. S. *West O'Rowa* four. A few days later Bobby sailed with his master on the steamship *President Lincoln* for San Francisco, and of course during the stop at Honolulu Bobby had to take a stroll ashore in order to add another country to the list of those he had visited.

On his arrival at San Francisco Bobby lived in high style for a time, at a dog hospital, because his master had to put up in a hotel where dogs were not allowed. Then one day the dog was taken out and led to the railroad station. He was to undergo a new experience in his checkered life. He was starting on a trip by rail across the continent to New York. Here again he shared short rations with his master. Losses in the earthquake had reduced Captain Locke's financial status to almost nothing, and, although a stranger in the 'Frisco railway station had offered a flattering sum for Bobby, his master would not part with him, after the experiences they had gone through together. He preferred burdening himself with the additional expenses incurred in taking Bobby with him.

After a stay of a few months in New York, Bobby again made a rail journey. This time westward to Pittsburgh. In Pittsburgh he lived for three years, when his master decided to go south.

of existence has traveled over 10,000 miles, more than many humans travel in a long lifetime. He has used every means of transport known to man, with the exception of submarines.

Whether Bobby has settled down permanently in Louisiana or will undertake further travels and adventures will depend on the whims of his master.

### THE MOTHER AND HER LAMB

THE tender solicitude of the animal mother for her young is beautifully illustrated by the following story, told by Mr. D. H. Pitts, a farmer near Scottsville, Virginia:

On a bright afternoon in February Mr. Pitts walked out to spend some time watching his flock of sheep and young lambs. Most of the flock were lying in a group in the balmy sunshine on a hillside; but one ewe was lying, with her lamb, across the ravine on the opposite slope. Presently a dog came running up the ravine. The mother jumped to her feet and watched with apparent anxiety until the dog passed out of sight. Then, feeling that her young was in danger—and who will say she didn't feel the proximity of danger—she went to her lamb and pushing it with her foot and nose, she awakened it and started on a run for the sheep barn, where she remained the rest of the day with her babe in security.

Mr. Pitts says he had never, in his many years of sheep-raising, witnessed a similar occurrence in his flock.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.



## THE JOLLY LITTLE CAT

MARY BAILLIE BARTLETT

THE Jolly Little Cat sat down

And washed his face, with glee;

*"This good old world is full," he purred,**"Of fun, as it can be.**Some folk might say the wind is cold,**I don't mind that a bit,**I see a feather blowing round**And get warm chasing it.**Some people say the times are hard,**That food is high in price—**I like good meat—and yet I find**Great fun in hunting mice."**The Jolly Little Cat stood up**And arched his furry spine;**"What fun it is to stretch," he sang,**"And isn't sleeping fine?**And if your bed is cold one night,**And there's no food to eat—**Why, when you're warm again and full,**Say—isn't it a treat?"**The Jolly Little Cat spun round**And chased his flowing tail;**"Some people say success is best,—**I sometimes like to fail;**For though it's merry sport for me**To catch my tail, I say**The tail must have some fun, you know,**Each time it gets away."**The Jolly Little Cat lay down**And curled up in a ball.**He dreamed that folk saw good in bad,**And big in things quite small.**He dreamed that all bright spots in life**Were well worth looking at,**"What dandy dreams," he purred, awake,**The Jolly Little Cat.*

BETWEEN pity toward beasts and goodness of soul there is a very close connection. One might say, without hesitation, when an individual is wicked in regard to them, that he cannot be a good man. One might also demonstrate that this pity and the social virtues have the same source.

SCHOPENHAUER

## EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

## An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, director of the First National Bank of Boston, and Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.

## Love Me, Love My Cat!

HENRY CHAS. SUTER, PH. D.

THE above title is a slight change upon the ancient adage, but when we consider the famous lovers of cats, we might be ready to admit that this rendering is more correct in conjunction with the cat than in connection with the dog.

The beginning of pussy as a household pet is lost in the ages long since gone by, but from

chronicles, Dick Whittington came to London a poor beggar boy, with no property practically but his devoted cat, and finally, through industry and amazing enterprise, rose to be thrice Lord Mayor. Even to this day he is never portrayed without his proverbial cat and never pictured without pussy present and often posing in his arms.

Victor Hugo had a great aversion for dogs, preferring the cat. For in his salon was always to be seen a big black cat, which was ever treated with the greatest consideration.

Chateaubriand also kept half a dozen cats, of all of which he was exceedingly fond. Visiting or calling upon him was sometimes a trying experience, especially for those who did not like cats, but sad to relate there are still a few of such people left in the world even today. But to that attitude toward cats Chateaubriand, even when serving as an Ambassador, paid no attention.

The illustrious Cardinal Richelieu, likewise, is shown in one of his best known portraits pausing in his writing of some great state document to amuse a cat with the feather of his quill pen.

Among eminent Americans, two so widely different as Poe and Mark Twain, were very fond of cats, and the former made a black feline the theme of one of his most powerful tales.

## THE ESKIMO DOG'S TAIL

L. E. EUBANKS

NATURE, as usual, knew her business when she devised a tail for the Eskimo dog. It is not feathered like that of a collie or setter, but evenly furred all around, so that when this dog of the frozen North curls up to sleep, the warm voluminous tail can be used as a covering for the nose and feet—the only parts that are not thickly furred.

It is certainly cruel to rob any dog of his tail, but it must be particularly so with Eskimo dogs. Yet this has been done many times by drivers of dog teams, the reason being that, when one dog is hitched close behind another, the tail of the one in front becomes heavy with ice, the frozen moisture from the rear dog's breath.

The practice of docking by drivers is now being discontinued, though. They found that the absence of a tail caused the dog to sleep so poorly that he was unfitted for work. Other methods of hitching the dogs to the sled are now displacing the tandem style, and when these are used docking is unnecessary.

On some specimens of the Eskimo dog, the tail hair is so long that the tail looks much like a plume, and this is greatly accentuated when the animal carries his tail curled over his back, as he usually does.

To those who know the Eskimo dog, the carriage of his tail is a reliable indicator of the animal's physical condition. The tighter the tail is curled on his back, the better the dog feels—the greater his strength, endurance, and morale. If it droops and is carried below the level of the back, the dog is either out of condition or, as is sometimes the case on far North exploration trips, suffering from malnutrition due to lack of sufficient food.

As a matter of fact, relaxation of the tail may have a similar significance in any dog, of any breed, and we who have the welfare of our pets truly at heart should remember this.



A NEW BEDFORD BEAUTY

time immemorial the purring cat has been considered the especial care and particular pet of elderly spinsters, who adopt pussy as an antidote for loneliness. Still through all the annals of the history of civilization, men also, and among them most of the keenest minds, have often preferred the cat to the dog as a domestic animal.

The cat is a most independent creature, difficult to train as well as indifferently submissive to human will. These very qualities, which seemingly repel some, have, however, strangely attracted others, and especially intellectuals. In the Roman life, both in literature, as well as in social and domestic affairs, great regard for the cat prevailed.

The fairy tale, "Puss in Boots," is of ancient French origin, but has for many generations been a favorite in English literature, which contains many other stories in which the wisdom, sometimes the reason, more often the attachment of the cat are celebrated.

Every one knows how, according to old

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*  
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*  
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Thirty new Bands of Mercy were reported in July, nearly all being in schools. Of these, seven were in Tennessee; six in Rhode Island; five in Virginia; four each in Pennsylvania and Syria; two in Maine; and one each in New Hampshire and Missouri.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 163,618

### BAND OF MERCY IN BOSTON, ENGLAND

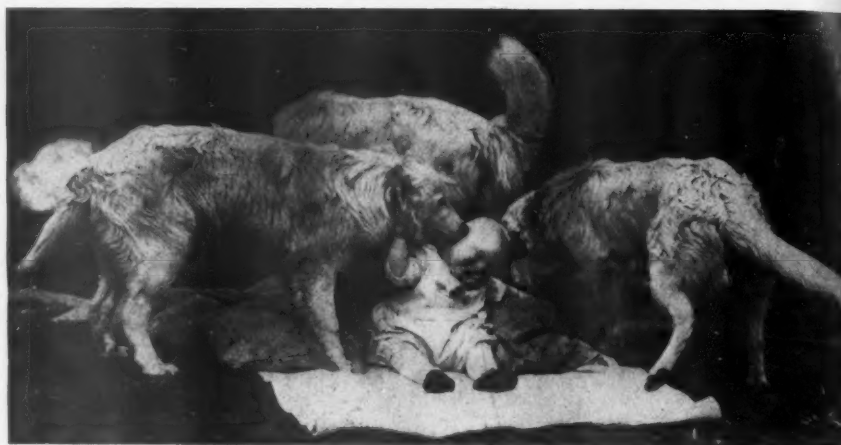
THE Mayoress, Mrs. J. Tait, presented prizes to members of the Band of Mercy at a meeting held at the Assembly Rooms. The prizes were given for essays written by the children on the subject of kindness to animals. Alderman T. Kitwood presided at the meeting, at which the great amount of work done by Miss Bothamley, honorary secretary of the Band of Mercy, and Mrs. Nussey, honorary secretary of the auxiliary, in preparation for the prize giving, was suitably acknowledged. Nearly five hundred persons were present, and twenty-three prizes and thirty certificates were presented. Mr. A. G. Diggon, from headquarters, gave a lantern lecture on "Country Friends." —*The Animal World*



### A FREQUENT PATIENT

HERE is one of two pictures of "Ranger," a Samoyede, sent to us by his owner, Nettie Elise Lentz, of West Roxbury, Mass., who writes:

"When a puppy this little fellow was treated for distemper at the Angell Hospital. He is now over five years old and during the past nine months has been a patient at the hospital three times—last August for a serious operation; in November for a cut paw which did not heal properly; and in February for an abscess. He is now well and happy, as his pictures show."



Courtesy of Springfield (Mass.) Republican

### LAUGHING OVER A GOOD LICKING

#### A MUSICAL BAND

ONE of the unique Bands of Mercy formed recently was that started in the piano studio of Miss Nell V. Mellichamp, of Columbia, S. C. This is a splendid example that may well be followed by other music teachers who have juvenile pupils.

#### THE SQUIRREL AND THE BISHOP

BISHOP EBEN S. JOHNSON, Capetown, South Africa, had a unique experience with a gray squirrel while speaking at Madison, S. D.

"I was talking about Africa," said Bishop Johnson, who was in Chicago. "It was a pleasant summer evening in Madison, S. D. The church was full. The choir had left the choir loft and filled the front pew in order to hear better. All was quiet except the sound of my voice talking about Africa.

"Suddenly I noticed something playing in the aisle. It arrested the attention of one or two, but I continued to talk and all continued to listen. Presently I heard a rustle behind me in the empty choir loft. Then I felt a something alight on my shoulder, my left shoulder. A ripple of amazement went over the audience. Quietly, without stopping my talk, I put my hand up and took the little gray squirrel in my hands. I took it carefully with precaution that it might not hurt me if it desired. But it seemed to have no desire to get away and no fear. The amazing thing was that it had no fear. After a moment of breathless wonderment, the people smiled. And when I told them that this reminded me of the blue-faced monkeys of Africa, they smiled again.

"They told me afterward that Mr. Gray Squirrel was well known in those parts and had never before been held by human hands. What was it that attracted him so far from his ordinary familiar haunts? Was it simply the power of a human voice? Who knows? The squirrel himself perhaps did not know.

"Does anyone need to know? Let us call it one of the inexplicable mysteries of experience that make life beautiful and livable."

—*Central Christian Advocate*

Country Niece—"Has a taxidermist anything to do with a taxicab?"

Town Uncle—"Er—no. A taxidermist skins only the lower animals."—*Pathfinder*.

#### THE TEMPTER

MARY BEHRENDSEN WARD

I MEANT to work so hard today  
That every task might finished be;  
But a small red dog, in a woeful way,  
Looked with wistful eyes that were calling me.

In a teasing way to the door I walked  
And watched him dancing to and fro;  
While his joyous bark rent the waiting air  
So, of course, I could only laugh and go.

#### DOG FINDS BOY LOST THREE DAYS

THE newspapers of Washington, both in news columns and in editorials, had much to say a few weeks ago about the rescue of a Seattle Boy Scout, lost in the Cascade wilderness, by a German police dog. It seems the seventeen-year-old lad started out alone on a fishing trip, with only a couple of sandwiches and his tackle. He did not return at night, and late the next day a searching party was sent out. Early on the third day a deputy sheriff took "Arnold von Winkelried," a Doberman Pinscher, and told him to take up the trail. For three hours the dog coursed through the undergrowth, usually out of sight of his master, but finally appeared with a gray cloth cap in his mouth. Following the lead of the dog, the sheriff came upon the form of the boy, too exhausted to rise. The officer gave first aid and succeeded in reaching his automobile with the boy.

"It wasn't until the second day that I realized I was lost," said Kelsey. "I cooked a few trout I had caught, killed a grouse with a rock and cooked it, and ate berries. The last day seems like a dream. I was lying beside the stump in the morning. I forget what time it was—I was past caring, I guess—when I heard a noise in the bushes and saw something black moving toward me. I was frightened.

"It's a bear," I thought. "How am I going to meet it?" Next thing I knew old Arnold was licking my face and grabbing for my cap. I petted the dog a moment, but he was anxious to be away, and I allowed him to go with my cap. I knew that help wasn't very far off."

I DO not scruple to attack the ideas which I consider false; but Heaven forbid that I should ever attack those who uphold them.

HENRI FABRE



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## JERRY

EDNA THACHER RUSS

**I** HAVE a little puppy-dog,  
He's white and brown and pink!  
(They're often white, and sometimes brown,  
But seldom pink, I think.)

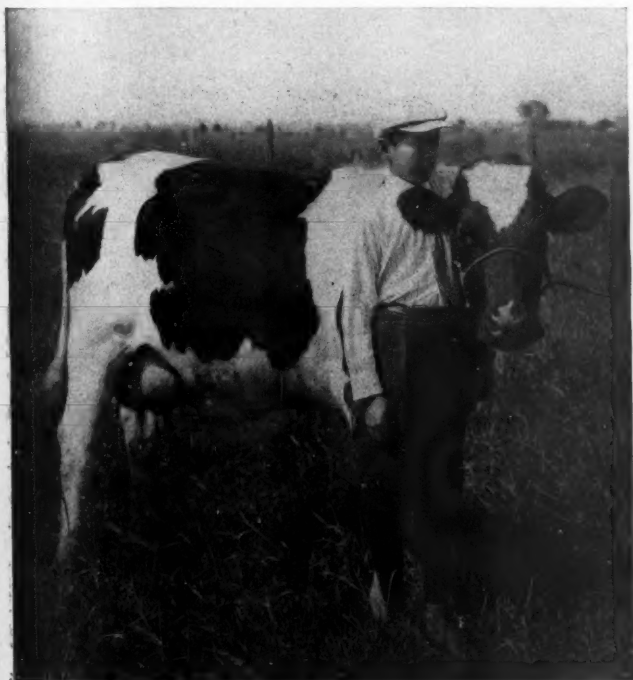
*But just above the small black point  
Of Jerry's cunning nose,  
There is the most enchanting strip  
Of palest, pinkest rose!*

*His ears are long and silky-like,  
Of softest velvet, too;  
I'm sure you'd love his tender eyes  
If he could look at you.*

*His manners are the very best,  
For he's a thoroughbred;  
With me he runs and plays about,  
Or walks with graceful tread.*

*He never chases motor cars  
But sometimes, when it's dark,  
He loves to leave his small box-bed,  
And stand outside and bark!*

**W**ITH September, schools all over the country will be opening, and thousands of Band of Mercy boys and girls will be returning to their books. We hope every one of them will keep the pledge of the Band of Mercy and try to get other children to take it, also.



PRODUCTS OF NEBRASKA

## FRIENDS FOR TEA

HAZEL E. FOSTER, Mansfield College, Oxford, England

**A**T home in America I was never used to afternoon-tea, but it is part of my daily education here in Oxford, where I find the delightful, sociable custom sometimes extends beyond our human fellows, all one's friends knowing they are always welcome. So this afternoon, when two of us were sipping tea in a garden of great red poppies and creamy lupins on the bank of the Thames at near-by Abingdon, I walked a little black and white terrier and sat by my seat so quietly that I scarcely noticed him. He waited in polite silence, however, until at last I handed him some cake. He seemed to refuse it, but I knew by his eyes that he longed for it, so tried another method of pressing it on him, and dropped it from above his nose. This seemed to accord exactly with his idea of canine propriety, and he caught it deftly in his mouth as it fell. I gave him others and he never lost a piece as it passed his mouth.

"I'll keep him near, this way," I said to my friend, "so afterwards I can snap his picture."

I thought he would be like the small boy who never knows when he has enough. But I misjudged my man, for as soon as he had had as much cake as he felt proper, he politely trotted off and out of sight.

Another day we rambled along the lovely Isis River to the quaint old village of Iffley and ordered tea there in a small house-garden, near the fine old Norman Church. Hardly had the motherly hostess brought out the tray to the table when a tiny, fat English robin redbreast hopped up and perched on our plate of bread. I'm sure he felt he had quite deserved this entertainment, for he had just sung us a most delightful song about June sunshine. We fed him on buttered bread and cake, and then he flew to a branch close by and obligingly perched for a picture.

The next week we walked to Iffley again for the express purpose of persuading our little brown-and-red friend to sit for a photograph on the table.

"Is Robin still here?" we eagerly asked.

"To be sure, ma'am," answered the hostess, "he'll come when I bring out the tea things."

But although we saw him and he sang us several lovely songs and encores, he would not come to tea. We told the proprietress of our disappointment.

"Well, it must be because of them two young men that was here all afternoon. I suppose he's had his tea with them."



ROBIN IN THE GARDEN

## LOVE

WHEN the First Great Cause of all things  
Left man to evolve with time,  
He built in a lesser body—  
A fragment of Love Divine,  
To follow man through the ages  
Of sorrowing and despair,  
And guard him with selfless courage,  
His life and his lot to share.

To give to the poorest beggar—  
A love that makes him a king,  
And kiss the hand which is empty—  
When fortune and friends take wing.  
As a name for this rare being,  
Reflecting the love of God,  
Man spelt his creator backward,  
And called His small likeness—dog.

MARIE SALTUS

## SUBSTITUTE FOR BRANDING

A CORRESPONDENT in California sends us the following clipping, suggesting the use of henna for marking herds for identification. "It seems to me that this will be a great help in doing away with the branding iron if it could be placed before the legislators of the various states."

"This substance, the well-known 'henna' used throughout the East for decorative staining of the hands, feet, and nails of women, and sometimes men, and of the manes and tails of horses, is sometimes used for commercial decoration of sacrificial sheep, goats, and other animals, as well as for the purpose of marking herds for identification purposes.

"Henna in its commercial form appears in the market as a fine powder, usually having a greenish hue, although the dye when applied turns to various shades of orange and red. The plant itself is a small, thorny desert shrub, which grows in profusion even where water seems to be wanting."

## A NEW HAMPSHIRE SOCIETY

THE Cheshire County Humane Society, with headquarters at Keene, N. H., has issued a very handsome annual report, the cost being borne by one of its most loyal friends. We know of no similar organization, with the same means at its command, that has accomplished such excellent results. Mrs. Jennie B. Powers, the Agent of this organization, is one of the most devoted and efficient humane agents in the country.

## CONNECTICUT SOCIETIES UNITE

THE Connecticut Humane Society and the New Haven Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were recently merged into one organization, with headquarters at Hartford. At the recent annual meeting Charles A. Goodwin was elected president of the new Society. In commenting on this merger General Manager H. Clay Preston stated that it was agreed between the two Societies that the income of the invested funds of the New Haven Society would be used exclusively for humane education purposes.

## ELEVEN VETERINARY SCHOOLS

WE are advised by the secretary of the American Veterinary Medical Association that there are now eleven, not seven (as stated in our August number) veterinary schools in the United States. They are as follows:

College of Veterinary Medicine, Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn;  
Division of Veterinary Medicine, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins;  
Division of Veterinary Medicine, Georgia State College of Agriculture, Athens;  
Division of Veterinary Medicine, Iowa State College, Ames;  
Division of Veterinary Science, Michigan State College, East Lansing;  
Division of Veterinary Medicine, Kansas State College of Agriculture, Manhattan;  
New York State Veterinary College, at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.;  
College of Veterinary Medicine, Ohio State University, Columbus;  
School of Veterinary Medicine and Surgery, Texas A. & M. College, College Station;  
School of Veterinary Medicine, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia; and  
College of Veterinary Medicine, State College of Washington, Pullman.

From statistics recently compiled it appears that only 117 veterinarians were graduated last year from the colleges of the United States and Canada. This number, which is the smallest in history, is utterly inadequate to take care of the replacements that are necessary by reason of death, retirements and other causes. Hence it follows that the veterinary profession should be a particularly attractive one just now for many young men seeking a career.

## OUR LOVE FOR ANIMALS

From a radio talk by the Editor

THE love for animals is most emphatically illustrated in the attachments of men of all walks of life to their faithful dogs. Alexandre Dumas, the famous author of "Monte Cristo," owned a dog which invited other dogs to come to stay with him. When twelve had been received, the old butler began to remonstrate. Dumas replied that the dogs did not ruin him, to keep them. But the butler proposed sending away one of them. "O, no," pleaded Dumas, "let a fourteenth come." The poet Byron found his "firmest friend" in his Newfoundland dog, on whose monument he had inscribed:

*"To mark a friend's remains these stones arise—  
I never knew but one, and here he lies."*

I wish that my younger readers, who find it hard to get interested in some of the lighter fiction of the day, would turn back to the pages of Sir Walter Scott and fall under the charm of this magician among novel writers. He said that he always wrote best when his hound, "Maida," and all his other pets were about him. One day he refused an invitation to dinner because another favorite dog, "Camp," was being buried. His daughter said that she never saw her father look so sad as on that occasion. When he was in Naples, trying to recover his health, he wrote repeatedly to his steward, at Abbotsford, to be "very careful of the poor people, and the dogs." No wonder that horses and dogs, which Scott knew and loved so well, constantly appear in his immortal pages.

Friends of President Garfield tell how, when he was out walking, he picked up a poor, half-starved, half-frozen dog and brought it from the street into the White House, where it was tenderly cared for. Of all the numerous stories showing Abraham Lincoln's kindness to animals, none is more touching than that told by his friend and biographer, William Herndon, about the lad Abe turning up his trouser legs to wade back across the icy stream to rescue the family dog which had fallen behind in the pilgrimage from Indiana to the Illinois home. In telling of this incident, Lincoln said that the frantic leaps of joy and other evidences of the dog's gratitude amply repaid him for all the exposure he had undergone.

I am sorry for the man or woman, and especially for the child, who does not love animals.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue. Address all communications to Boston.

## TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.  
Humane Societies and Agents are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.  
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Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

For each five dollars contributed to either Society, the giver is entitled to have two copies of *Our Dumb Animals*, additional to his own, sent for one year to any persons whose addresses are mailed to us.

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston. Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.



International Newsreel

ELECTRIC HARE, USED IN ENGLAND IN PLACE OF REAL LIVE HARES. NOW THE ENGLISHMAN AND HIS HOUNDS MAY ENJOY THEIR "SPORT" WITHOUT CRUELTY



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